

WOMEN AND RELIGION.

J. J. VANDERREE.

I remember while I was quite young yet that I used to have an idea something like this: Religion is all right for women and children, but for men it certainly is a too silly thing. As I began to grow older I took notice that in nearly all congregations the majority of the members were women. How is this? We have here in our village a congregation of the Brethren church composed of forty-six members of which thirty-two are sisters. Why is this? It almost looks to me that some of the boys and men look upon religion about as I used to do; but let me confess to you that after the good Lord blessed me with a christian companion, I began to think differently. My thoughts at that time ran something like this: Well, if the religion of Jesus Christ, will make my wife a better woman, why will it not make me a better man? My unconverted friend, you who are blessed with a God fearing wife, did you ever think about that? If not, then try to solve the problem if you can, without coming to the Savior. Oh, if the order of things as they are, were once reversed and the men would become religious as the women do now, and the women would become careless and unconcerned as the men are now, what would you think? How would it be? We, as men ought to be spending our evenings at home as much as possible, and our women in the saloon, and in the gambling den, and the like. Oh you say that state of things would be horrible. Well so it would, but would it be any more of a sin in the sight of God, than it is now, in as much as *he* is no respecter of persons although society may be? When we look into the many jails, and prisons, and see and hear of many that ought to be there, we wonder where the supply comes from, as we do about the drunkard. Some mother's good babe, prattling child, or hopeful youth has supplied the demand. Is it not a great wonder what becomes of all these good children.

Parents are careless, many of them, and allow their children to do as they see fit. And they go on and on until something opens the eyes of the parents, and then, oh then, comes the cry, My child, my child, whither are you bound? And, in too many cases, the parents' gray hairs are brought down to the grave in sorrow. We should read and heed and put into practice the following good instructions, and to teach all of them to our children.

II Sam. 12: 16; Prov. 29: 15; Mark 9: 56; II Cor. 13: 11; II Tim. 3: 15; Eccl. 11: 10; Ps. 102: 28; Ps. 127: 3; Prov. 3: 1-3; Prov. 1: 10-19; Prov. 2: 1-9;

Prov. 2: 21-22, and many more. At any rate we should do all in our power to clear our own skirts. So that if they will not hear we may be blameless. May the good Lord help us in this work of bringing many to the foot of the cross.

Cornell, Ill. April 7.

HOPE:—Rom. 8: 24.

E. K. TEETER.

This is such a common place term that it would, at first thought, seem to need no consideration, as to its meaning, for we all use it, and generally appropriately too, but in order that we may make the application that our text demands it may be best to define the word *hope* briefly. Lexicons say it means something that we look for; but there must be a limitation to its meaning. We may look for danger ahead and expect it too; but we do not hope for it; we only hope for that which we fondly desire and look for or expect. In our temporal affairs we readily see that the stronger the hope of success in any undertaking that is expected to afford comfort or enjoyment, the more interest is felt, and the greater effort is put forth to come to a realization of that hope. It is just so with the hope of the Christian, "the hope of glory." The anticipation of unfading joy in life eternal, in the realization of all the blessedness of life eternal. If the christian worshiper has assurance enough to satisfy him that his hope is well grounded, and will in due time be realized, then it is but reasonable that he should "press forward" with all the interest and anxiety that may be manifested by the man of the *world* in pursuit of any temporal gain, with the expectation of realizing his fondest hope.

But now the question comes up, do they who profess the religion of Jesus really manifest, in their practical life, their daily walk, and their earnest expression of faith and works that their hope is strong enough to bear them out in their profession. Or do they doubt that there is a reality in the religion of Jesus Christ. Is it not too true that, alas! too many can give no reason for their hope, either by their faith or practice, and while they may have their names enrolled on the church book, they may be far from being able to answer to the song, "Is my name written there." Let us examine before we hear this song again, and see what is the ground of our hope; where do we stand.

THE golden beams of truth and silver cords of love twisted together will draw men on with a sweet violence whether they will or no.—*Cudworth*.

Home Circle.

A SEED SOWN IN A MENDING BASKET.

"Good afternoon, Mrs. Northup," said Mrs. Carter, from the village, bringing her gentle horse to a standstill under the grateful shade of the huge elms growing in front of a pleasant farmhouse, recently purchased by a family from a distance. "As you were all absent from church yesterday I feared some of you might be ill, and drove over to inquire."

"Never take so much trouble again for the same reason," laughed the new neighbor, who was sitting on the doorstep, with her mending basket at her feet. "Please excuse me if I go on with my stocking darning, for this basket is wide and deep and full."

"Oh certainly, but tell me, please, what conclusion I am to arrive at when you are not at church."

"That we are not a religious family, and that it is well enough to understand it first as last."

"But you have all been out every Sunday since you moved."

"Oh yes, it has been a good way to get acquainted, and we shall continue to come now and then, of course, but as for being pinned down to going every Sunday it is out of the question. We never could take the time nor the trouble to do anything so useless."

"But it is holy time."

"That is just as you look upon it. If any one chooses to go to meeting, or to remain idle, very well. If we choose to work that is our business, and I never should be able to keep up my work if I did not do more or less on Sunday."

"Have you no obligation to obey God?"

"Well, no, none that we acknowledge. I am not in the world from choice. I certainly ought to have the privilege of doing as I choose while I am here."

"No doubt you exact obedience of your children."

"While my children live in my house they will obey me."

"Then why should not God's children who dwell in His world conform to His commands?"

"Now, Mrs. Carter, I supposed you to be too sensible a woman to believe that God, the Maker and Ruler of the universe, could be groveling around looking after the little everyday affairs of you and me," and Mrs. Northup reached down into the deep stocking basket and stirred up its contents with a look of supreme disgust and contempt stealing over a face that with a light of spiritual peace resting upon it would have been attractive.

"Yet you take the pains to hunt out the